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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Waters from the 1,500-mile Murray River irrigate sparkling green orchards and vineyards near Mildura. Apples, pears, oranges, apricots —more than enough to supply Victoria—go out to world markets. Fruit-laden trains roll toward southern ports through the heart of the state's once-fabulous gold-mining region. Miners burrow in deep shaft mines which replaced easy pick-and-shovel diggings of a century ago.

Victoria owes its early hurried growth to gold. It was found in 1851, and almost simultaneously statehood was bestowed on the former British colony. In the next decade, some 40,000 treasure seekers a year streamed into the new state. Near Ballarat, a homesteader dug up a watermelon-size nugget weighing about 200 pounds, worth $50,000. But easy surface diggings soon worked out; disheartened prospectors turned to more stable livelihoods—farming and manufacturing.

Today, Victoria is Australia's second-largest manufacturing state. Textiles, clothing, leather, and flour pour from bustling factories and mills. At Yallourn, 40 miles from the east coast, electric bucket dredges shave off chunks of brown coal for electric-power production and briquette manufacture. The 27,000,000,000 tons still underground will help Victoria cut coal imports from other states.

Northeast of Melbourne, woodcutters' axes ring in the Dandenong Range. Eucalyptus trees with bluish-green foliage stretch skyward from brush-covered mountain slopes. These giant gums, some more than 300 feet tall, keep their leaves and shed their bark. They supply almost all Victoria's hardwood needs.

An inquisitive emu, one of Australia's walking birds, watches the

W. HOWIESON

Victoria Prepares for Olympic Games

Slender cathedral spires, rising above the low roofs of a sprawling city (above), meet their reflection in the still waters of the little Yarra River. The scene: Melbourne, capital of Victoria, Australia's smallest mainland state. Here, next November, the eyes of the sports world will focus. Thousands of visitors will cram this thriving industrial city of some 1,500,000 people to watch the 1956 Olympics.

Today, Melbourne and Victoria prepare for the influx. Seating capacity in the huge oval cricket ground (below) where events will take place is being increased to more than 100,000. To make up for hotel rooms, practically all booked by now, hospitable Australians plan to open their homes to overseas visitors.

Meanwhile the business of rich, Kansas-size Victoria continues. Freighters churn through Port Phillip Bay to Melbourne's docks. They disgorge heavy cargoes of sheet steel for automobile and farm-equipment factories. They take on bales of some of the world's finest wool, golden wheat, flour, butter, cheese.

Such produce funnels into Melbourne from fertile farmlands. Millions of sheep—outnumbering Victoria's population almost eight to one—graze on the central plains which gradually give way to the vast northwestern wheat fields. Farmers sow wheat on roughly half the state's crop land which covers an area the size of New Jersey. They reap 55,000,000 bushels a year for home and world trade.

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FROM A PAINTING BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ARTIST WALTER A. WEBER

Mighty Trumpeter's Call Is No Swan Song

Trumpeter swans, their haunting sky song echoing like French horns over Montana's Red Rock Lakes National Refuge and neighboring Yellowstone Park, are slowly winning their uphill race against extinction.

Two decades ago, only 73 trumpeters, some of North America's biggest waterfowl, were known to nest in the United States. Fashion's demand for swan plumage, together with drainage and plowing of frontier nesting grounds, threatened the 30-pound birds in the late 1800's.

But last summer wildlife biologists and refuge managers counted 590 trumpeters in Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho. About twice that number live in Canada and Alaska.

Unlike whistling swans, their close North American relatives, trumpeters spend their summers as far south as they can find safe breeding grounds and their winters as far north as they can find open fresh water.

Although the trumpeters' five-foot length made them easy marks for hunters, it was the coyote and not the gunner that became their chief enemy. Driven from their old hunting grounds by encroaching civilization, coyotes robbed trumpeters of both eggs and young, almost sent the birds the way of the great auk and the passenger pigeon.

Now in sheltered refuges, baby swans, clothed in silky, golden down, live safely alongside parents that mate for life. Soon the youngsters develop long necks and paddlelike feet. When they reach maturity their black bills, covered with sensitive skin, stand out against a snow-white feather coat.

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NOEL BURNET

woodmen from the edge of a clearing. Overhead, a lyrebird mimics their buzz saw and the strange, far-off cry of the laughing kookaburra.

Mountain paths take a group of hikers past embankments covered with pale golden wattle. Long tree-ferned valleys shelter the furry duck-billed platypus, ant-eating echidna, kangaroo, and wallaby. Koalas (above), soft little Australian "Teddy bears," munch on eucalyptus leaves, their source of both food and water.

Snow-capped from June to August, Mount Buffalo and Mount Hotham become Victoria's winter playground. Rustic holiday resorts dot hillsides. Skiers and toboggan teams skim down glistening slopes of the Australian Alps, jutting from Victoria's eastern border.

For Victorians, Melbourne is social and cultural center as well as capital and leading port. From distant sheep stations and wheat farms they drive down to the city for a spree of shopping, theater-going, reunions with old friends, or to take in the running of the Melbourne Cup—Australia's "Kentucky Derby."

Typical of Australian cities, Melbourne serves up a rich and varied menu of sporting events for ardent Victorian fans. Its wide, tree-lined streets pass bicycle-racing areas, golf courses, football fields, racecourses. Almost every suburb boasts numerous tennis courts and often a bowling green. Miles of beaches lining Port Phillip Bay lure thousands of city dwellers.

Next year, when for the first time the Olympics will be held in the Southern Hemisphere, even sports-minded Australians should get their fill.

National Geographic References: ***Map***—Australia (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
School Bulletins—Oct. 24, 1955, "Australia's Future Rests on Water" (10¢)

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHERS ROBERT F. SISSON (ABOVE) AND WILLARD R. CULVER (RIGHT)

Yankee sea captains once drove their lofty clippers and sturdy whalers around the world. At right, Connecticut skippers jockey around a buoy in light air on Long Island Sound.

And on Martha's Vineyard, picturesque Massachusetts island below the beckoning finger of Cape Cod, contented casters (below, right) heave their lures over plunging surf to tempt striped bass.

EDWIN LEVICK (RIGHT) AND NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER BATES LITTLEHALES

The State of Maine, half the size of all New England, still boasts wilderness areas. Into the big woods come hunters, fishermen, campers. Under the bulk of 5,268-foot Mount Katahdin, vacationers, above savor the scent of evergreens.

Newport, Rhode Island, remains a citadel for the wealthy who used to build 70-room "cottages." Its exclusive Bailey's Beach broke precedent by allowing the photo at right to be taken.

Yankees Play Host to Nation's Vacationers

Old-time New Englanders often used to refer to summer visitors as "furriners," or "them summer complaints." Yet generations of tourists have braved this dubious attitude of year-rounders for the chance to bask on New England's wave-scoured beaches, swim in its clear lakes, climb its jutting hills.

Today, Yankees keep their latchstrings out for visitors. Income from tourists swells bank accounts in all six states. Residents realize that New England's physical beauty is a valuable asset, often luring prosperous new businesses to the region. Many young graduates of New England colleges and universities chose to stay in the area.

Thirty years ago, New Englanders considered recreation a summertime job. During long winters when deep snow smothered remote mountain valleys, country people would snug down in their tight little farms, waiting for spring. Now snow is "white gold" to any farmer who has cleared his hillside of rocks and stumps and rigged a truck-driven ski-tow.

The sport of skiing stormed into New England like a blizzard in the late 1920's. Now it rates as a $100,000,000 business in the region. Mountain villages glow with new vitality as inns, lodges, farmhouses open doors to thousands of skiers who arrive by car or snow train.

On carefully tended trails and slopes like those at Mount Mansfield, Vermont, left, the shouts of speeding enthusiasts ring above the whine of lifts and tows.

New Hampshire's Dartmouth College, whose young men skied long before the fad became general, makes a joyous social affair of its famed Winter Carnival, right.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON (LEFT) DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

independence. Its weather—from the icy blast of a winter northeaster to the scream of a fall hurricane—has toughened us and drawn us into ourselves so that people say we are hard to know. Yet once we give our friendship, you'll find it as warm as our summer.

Just 200 years ago, I joined an expedition of New England colonists in an attack on Crown Point, French fort on Lake Champlain. If I should travel there tomorrow, I would climb hillsides unmarred by highways. I would scale stone walls as old as I am and gaze down on tidy white villages nestled in wooded valleys (below). Change comes slowly to the New England highlands. And even busy Boston finds time to preserve its historical sites—the Old State House, the Common, my own home.

Yet I have seen mighty changes since the days I served as courier for Boston's patriots, carrying news of our famous Tea Party to New York, or riding to New Hampshire to set off a raid on British powder stores. For 150 years, industries have grown with New England. Clustering mills turn out textiles, shoes, machines, while busy townsfolk spread new dwellings across rocky acres where men once farmed. Should I ride today to warn villagers that the redcoats were coming, I would have to temper my horse's speed to the pace of heavy traffic in Boston's suburbs. Clear of Greater Boston, now home to about 2,400,000 people, I would cross a superhighway (at the risk of my neck) and wind my way between sleek glass-walled electronics and chemical industries which have sprung up to take the place of older manufactures.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

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New England

. . . Through Patriot Eyes

You've heard of me, I've no doubt. Revere's the name, Paul Revere of Boston—and all New England. In my day I was a craftsman, working with gold and silver, and an industrialist of some note. My foundry cast bells and cannon which sounded their separate notes during our Revolution. My iron spikes and bolts helped pin together thick oak beams of the frigate *Constitution*. "Old Ironsides," they still call her as she rests at dock today, in Boston Harbor.

But I'm most famous as a messenger—a horseman who galloped through a dark April night in 1775. If my memories sound like conceit, forgive them as the oddities of an old man. I passed my 221st birthday on the first of January.

Old or not, I keep a watchful eye on my homeland which people have called New England ever since Captain John Smith skirted its coast in 1614. Its 66,600-square-mile bulk rubs against Canada to the north. New York State hugs its western border. And to the south and east, the gray North Atlantic is its neighbor. This salt water, likely, has left its mark on us Yankees. For the sea is a lonely place and it gives a man the spirit of

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON

SCHOOL BULLETINS IN THE MAKING—The Paper You Hold Now Came from This Massachusetts Mill, Champion-International. Piled Pulpwood Logs Await Processing

latest books at the Old Corner Bookstore as did Thoreau, Emerson, Holmes, Louisa May Alcott.

What about science, you ask. I answer, Yankee style, with another question—what about the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which has made the Boston area as much a center for science as it is for the arts? This old New England has stayed with the times.

And Yankees, to a large extent, stay with New England, often foregoing higher salaries elsewhere in order to live beside these sail-dotted inlets, these rocky hills, white in winter, flaming orange in the fall.

When I speak of Yankees, I don't mean just the old families of Puritan stock. This New England teems with the races and nationalities of the world. It has welcomed immigrants for centuries. Among them was my own father, Apollos DeRevoire, who came to Boston from France and changed his name, as he said, "merely on account that the Bumpkins should pronounce it easier." Whatever tongue men speak when they come to New England, their sons and daughters soon pick up the Yankee twang and with it a special feeling that freedom is a precious thing. I know the feeling. It sent me on that "midnight ride" to Lexington in 1775.

National Geographic References

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May, 1951, "Mountains Top Off New England" (75¢)

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LUIS MARDEN, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

DOWN EASTERS AT DAWN—Like Figures in a Water Color, Maine Fishermen Scoop Sardines from Their Seine as Thick Fog Shrouds Cold, Still Waters off Eastport

Were I now to follow the Boston Post Road toward New York and Philadelphia, I would get my fill of pulsing factories. But I would also find elm-shaded Main Streets flanked by sturdy colonial homes. I would pass village greens that once felt the tread of minutemen at drill. I might well stop at an old inn whose broad fireplace, glinting with pewter ornaments, would make me feel young again.

During our Revolution, I took part in an ill-fated attempt to drive the British from Penobscot Bay on the coast of Maine. Such a venture, today, would take me past the same rock-lined fiords where gray rollers smash themselves into towering spume and mist drifts over spruce-clad shores. I would see ocean-bred men, "Down Easters," tending lobster traps in fog and foul weather as their great-great-grandfathers did. And in coastal towns I would find sea captains' houses, each with its "widow's walk"—a balustraded roof-top walkway from which a wife would scan the horizon for a glimpse of her husband's sail.

The ships are steel now, and lobstermen buck the weather with the aid of wheezing, puffing inboard engines. But if life is easier for today's New Englanders, old values remain. When our independence was declared, Harvard College was already 140 years old. Yale was 75. Brown, in Providence, Rhode Island, and Dartmouth, in Hanover, New Hampshire, were newcomers. Now they are joined by scores of other New England colleges and universities. Boston's library, art gallery, and symphony orchestra rank with the world's finest. Quiet citizens poke through the

Modern Witch Doctors Shun Sorcery

This African witch doctor, dressed and ornamented for his part, may already be out of business. Recently a hundred solemn shamans met in Pretoria, South Africa, and decided to eliminate the unethical practices of such would-be sorcerers.

The old-style witch doctor depended on superstitious fear as much as dried owls' ears, powdered lizard tongues, and the dehydrated hind feet of baboons to drive away evil spirits that were thought to cause illness. But modern practitioners such as those who convened in Pretoria (dressed in sober Western clothes) use many herbs and root remedies approved by medical science. They want to establish a college devoted to the study of their tonics, balms, anesthetics, and stimulants.

CITROËN CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION

Witch doctors are not confined to Africa. South American Indians, particularly, have produced remedies recognized by modern scientists. Most famous is quinine, from the bark of the cinchona tree, used in the treatment of malaria.

Curiously, the same healing techniques have appeared in widely separated places. In both Africa and Peru a patient with a cut is apt to have ants placed carefully in the wound so their jaws, like surgical clips, will draw the flesh together. New Zealand Maoris and North American Indians are both partial to mineral-bath treatment for their sick.

Old ways hang on in remote sections. Hideously garbed Africans, dancing and chanting their rituals in wild jungle clearings, are likely to prescribe the pulverized remains of hyena claws for their patients. Masked Navajo medicine men may still walk across an elaborate sand painting to the bedside of a sick man, touch both the sand figures and the sufferer, then destroy the painting—and, presumably, the illness.

A Labrador Eskimo "doctor," blindfolded, may throw himself on his patient with shouts and violent blows in an attempt to drive away the evil. Whether or not the victim lives, this shaman collects his fee.

National Geographic Magazine—March, 1952, "White Magic in the Belgian Congo" (75¢)